

The Losers Kids

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The Losers Kids by [Haikyuties_baeritto123](#)

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Summary:

April Tozier is an easy going girl living in the shadow of her father.

Evelyn Rose Hanscom-Uris is a straight A student who can't seem to find her place in society.

Ronnie Bowers is a boy who wants to know why his parents refuse to tell him about their past.

Carter Tozier is a little sister who wants to prove she's stronger than what others think.

Georgia Denbrough just wants to know what's wrong with her hometown of Derry.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

No one asked for this but it's been on my phone for weeks.

I might delete this but leave a comment! I'll always read them!

i've left the dates open but it's set during when the losers are older, what if they were to have children?

At first April felt cold, like tiny icicles were prickling her skin and then she realised it was travelling further up her body.

“Miss Tozier”

It was water, it kept climbing higher and higher and April was running out of ladder to climb up.

“Miss Tozier”

If she could just get to the top, but she wasn't fast enough, the water was thigh high and it restricted her movements, her jeans felt like dead weights and her legs were numb as she tried to scramble for footing.

“APRIL!” She shot up with a start, hands flailing to push back the hair from her face; and if she imagined it was wet she didn't think about it.

“Wh-what?! Who died?!” she blinked a few times to clear her vision and found her teacher's face meters from hers, looking exasperate and slightly concerned which wasn't usual, the disapproval was though. “Oh, sadly it wasn't me then I take it”

“Didn't get enough sleep Tozier?” Jake teased besides her, waggling his eyebrows and April smiled at him.

“No, I was kept awake all night by the sound of your mom moaning” The smirk dropped from Jake's face “Might want to get

soundproofing”

The class roused into snickers causing the teacher to sigh and lean back, smoothing her skirt “You’re being called to the office”

A long time ago, little April would have demanded why she was being sent to the office and argue her case for freedom, but now? April had learned to just accept fate and the detention it came along with; pulling her backpack from beneath her desk and slinging it over a shoulder while everyone ooh’d and ahh’d at her, taking guesses of why she was in trouble this time.

Padding over to the door, she spun around, back straightened and mock saluted “Gentlemen” She groused in a poor attempt of a generals impersonation “It has been an honour fighting with all of you” with that, she waltzed down the corridor, taking languid steps in a box shape as she moved.

Living in Beverly Hills was a wild ride, especially as a young teen but her father was a well-known radio host and this wasn’t unknown by her peers either, so she had a sort of reputation to uphold carrying the Tozier name and she’d grown into the role accordingly, to the point many tabloids and teachers speculated she’d follow in her father’s footsteps.

April walked past a display and glanced at her reflection in the glass. Her braids were in tatters and deciding they weren’t worth it; April just tugged out the bands holding them barely together and threaded her fingers through the tufts of dark hair until they curled around her shoulders.

Much better.

Arriving at her destination, April expected many things. Teachers? Sure. A fan? Didn’t happen often but still probable. Officers? Unlikely but, hey, maybe her secret life of crime smuggling drugs and prostitutes over the border had finally caught up to her.

Her mom however wasn’t what she expected at all and it couldn’t mean anything good.

“Mom?” she gasped “What-?”

April was cut off as her mom came to kneel down in front of her, grabbing her hands between his, eyes filled with something April had never seen before. Fear and uncertainty.

“April” He breathed out, taking in her appearance with a smile but she didn’t think he had much to smile about.

“What’s going on?” She dared to breath out and the smile dropped from her mom’s face almost immediately.

He paused for a moment, as if not wanting to force the words out, but he somehow managed “Your dad and I...we need to go away, just for a while”

“Wait, what? You and dad? But you never go!” And it was true, her mom could run his company from home so very rarely left and was usually always around for April when her father was not, whether it was in his study or in the kitchen complaining when Carter skipped his favourite songs on his Walkman. But now they were both going? She furrowed her brows and tried to fight back tears. C’mom April, you’re better than this “Where are you even going?”

“We’re going back to our old town, Derry, our friend called and we’re meeting up again”

“Then why can’t I go?”

“Don’t worry! We’ll only be gone a little while-”

“But why?”

“Sweetheart please, I know I never leave but-”

“Then give me a good reason!”

Eddie paused and stared up at April who was clutching his hands tighter, eyes brimming with tears “Baby, there’s been a...an accident, so we’re going back to make sure everything okay again, but it means you can’t come”

April wanted to argue, wanted to yell how it wasn’t fair and something felt wrong, off.

But she didn't. What she did do was wipe her eyes with the back of her hand and smirked weakly "Fine, okay, but you have to give me full ownership of your Walkman while you're gone"

"You know if you want one all you have to do is ask"

"Yeah" She shrugged "But it's more fun stealing yours"

Evelyn Hanscom-Uris huffed in the mirror; scanning the notes taped haphazardly around her vanity mirror. Exams were always a stressful time despite only being in middle school and with the upcoming volleyball tournament, well...

"I'm going to die"

A laugh echoed from her doorway and Evelyn spun on her heels "Stressed?"

"Just a bit" She admitted sheepishly, tugging a piece of hair behind her ear. Stan laughed again and moved to sit on the edge of Evelyn's bed while she turned back to her mirror.

"Wasn't it you who taught me you have to knock first?"

"I've been looking after you since you were born, it's my right to at least come say hello and interrupt your privacy...that equation needs a 2 by the way"

Evelyn narrowed her eyes at the post it her papa was pointing to and counted it out in her head with the added number in it then groaned loudly and threw her pen in the air along with her hands "That's it! I quit! I'm going to be a trophy wife instead!" she flopped backwards, narrowly missing Stan as she landed on the bed, the springs bouncing her up and down for a moment before she settled, long black curls splayed around her like a halo.

Pressing her palms into her eyelids, Evelyn huffed again "You'll get the hang of it, just keep practising" Stan smiled, running a hand through her hair and she removed them from her eyes to gaze up at him "You've got big things coming for you baby, just wait"

A knock at the door interrupted them and they turned, both smiling goofily until they spotted Ben. Ben was stood in the hall, a face usually so full of smiles and warmth was now pale, his eyes unfocused as he spoke “Stanley, we need to speak...privately”

Confused and slightly worried, Evelyn watched her dad as her papa leaned down to kiss her forehead and then they were gone, whispering so Evelyn wouldn't hear.

Now, Evelyn knew she shouldn't eavesdrop on her parents conversation, she was raised better than that and knew it wasn't fair as she wouldn't like to be spied on. But her door was left ajar and she just wanted to make sure her parents were okay she tried convince herself as she crept to the door and peaked through the crack.

Her parents were embracing at the top of the stairs, both visibly shaking “We have to go back Stan”

“I-I can't” Her papa rasped out and it sounded as though he were fighting off tears “I can't do it, not again”

“Hey, hey we made a promise” Ben encouraged though he looked just as reluctant “We did it before we can do it again, Derry needs us”

Evelyn stared at her parents as they whispered back and forth to each other, wondering what was Derry and why did it make her dads look so scared.

When Georgia Denbrough was told they were going to stay with nana, she got excited, it wasn't often they got to see nana anymore especially because she lived so far away in an entirely different state, but when she found out her parents weren't staying too, she knew something was wrong.

Her parents rarely ever kept secrets, they didn't even argue and then suddenly they were spending long nights awake, talking in hushed whispers when they thought Georgia wasn't around. She heard them speaking that something big was going to happen and they needed help.

She didn't know what was going on, but if there was something wrong in her home town Georgia was going to find out.

The day after her parents dropped them off at nana's Georgia put her plan into action, she had money saved up from the paper job she did occasionally, her bus pass, food and a spare pair of clothes.

"Where are you going?" James quizzed, swinging his legs back and forth as he watched Georgia flit around the room.

"She's going back home" Robert replied for his sister, not looking up from his book where he was lay on his makeshift bed, humming a song under his breath.

"Awww" the five year old pouted, bottom lip jutting out "But I wanna go too!"

"You can't" Georgia shook her head, slinging her backpack over her shoulders and settling it into place over her sweatshirt, turning to her pouting little brother and smiling "I'll bring you back some fudge if you don't tell nana" James gasped and frantically nodded, cheering before a hand clasped over him mouth and his two siblings shushed him. Once he was quieted, Georgia turned to Robert "Name your price" She sighed and Robert side eyed her for a moment.

"Nothing"

"...what?"

He cocked a smirk at her confused face "I don't want anything, well actually I do, come back okay?"

She looked to her younger brother who finally put her book down and cast worried brown eyes up at her, he was usually so reserved and nonchalant so to see him casting her unsure glances made tears well up in Georgia's eyes, she pulled him into a hug which he fought off weakly. "Group hug!" James giggled and threw his arms around the two as best he could and Robert broke free to pull him against his chest with a squeal.

Finally, when Georgia felt confident her voice wouldn't crack she pulled back and smiled at her two brothers "Remember, where am I

if nana asks?"

"Your friends!" James said and she nodded.

It's for daddy and dad, she tried to convince herself as she climbed from the window to the porch.

April and her siblings ended up being dropped off with a nanny in New York, at first she was confused but decided it was because being in their large house without them just felt wrong.

"You be good squirt" Richie grinned and ruffled April's hair, Carter was clinging to Eddie and was fighting back tears as she was lowered to the floor, alongside Nicole who was just as upset if not more. The nanny was holding onto Jesse and Scarlett who were too young to understand why their parents were saying goodbye. Timothy was asleep in his carrier and Dahlia held onto the back of April's jumper. "Ya don't wanna be cawsin' our good ol' miss poppin's 'ere any grief" He switched to an over the top British accent.

April gasped "Why father!" She put a hand to her chest and looked appalled "I would never dream of it!"

Once Carter extracted herself from her mom's grasp, she rushed Richie, arms locking around his neck and he hauled her up and into his arms, Nicole following and clutching at Richie's left leg, wrapped around him much like a koala as she sniffled into his dress pants. "Come back soon"

"We will sweetpea"

When their car drove off, the nanny ushered them inside and April set her plan into action. "Miss Lemmins?" she turned inquisitive eyes to the eldest and smiled curiously "Well, my friend actually lives in the heart of the city and I was wondering if I could go stay the night at hers? My dad said it was okay"

That was a lie and she knew it, but the nanny didn't so she plastered on a wide, innocent smile. The nanny furrowed her brow in confliction, after all it meant less kids to care for, after an

excruciatingly long period she responded “I suppose” April cheered internally “But you must have their parents call as soon as you arrive, am I clear?” She bit back the urge to taunt and chose to use an accent instead.

“Aye, aye, cap’n I’ll be off ta meh quarters then ta get ready for our voyage aboard the mighteh-!”

“Beep beep April” Carter giggled while Nicole and Dahlia made honking gestures with their hands.

“Oh my heart! How cruel you all must be” She swooned before moving to run to the front door where she’d stashed her backpack behind a plant pot on the way in. She hauled the heavy straps onto her back and moved to unlock the door when-

“You’re going to Maine aren’t you-?”

April shot around and slapped a hand over Carter’s mouth, the girl squeaking behind her palm and licking it to remove it, but April had been subjected to far worse than a lick to the hand.

Like walking in on her parents.

She shuddered and pulled away to glare at Carter, wiping her moist palm against her dungarees “I won’t be if you don’t hush up!”

Carter pouted but turned her voice into a soft whisper “I wanna go too, I heard daddy saying they were going to Derry”

“You can’t come” Carter made a noise of distress but April was firm “Mom said...there was an accident, I did some reading and I found out what it was, some kid died” Her eyes widened considerably behind her glasses “That’s why you can’t come”

“But that’s why I need to! I’ve always had your back ever since I was little!”

It was true, from a young age, Carter had been April’s accomplice, concocting schemes and if they were ever caught, Carter usually got them out of it if April’s sweet talk didn’t do the job; they were practically twins despite the three year age difference. They were

both opposites in looks. While April had wild dark hair tied back in braids, tanned skin littered in freckles and dungarees, Carter was all fair skin, curly brown locks and white turtlenecks, their only similarities being their blue borderline green eyes and their coke bottle glasses. A bit like mom and dad...

Carter stared up at her, sticking her bottom lip out and brow furrowing up a puppy look she'd perfected over the years.

Oh fuck it.

"Okay fine! But you need to pack quickly or I'm leav-!" April was cut off as her sister ran over to the coat rack, pulling her pink mac from the hanger then pulling a backpack out from beneath one of their sibling's coats. "...You planned this from the beginning"

Carter nodded "Maybe"

Ever since the babysitter arrived and Evelyn had bid goodbye to her parents, Evelyn had been trying to formulate a plan to escape. She knew the house inside and out but every time she went for the window or the front door, low and behold, there was the babysitter who dragged Evelyn back into the living room where she was forced to watch some knitting program.

In the end, Evelyn found salvation when she realised she could climb to the back yard through her bathroom window and dismissed herself to the toilet. Luckily the babysitter didn't follow and Evelyn picked up her satchel from her room before locking the bathroom door. She felt really bad and knew her dad's wouldn't be all too happy about her sneaking out but she had a job to do and she would be damned if she let a nosy babysitter get in her way.

It was a tight squeeze but Evelyn managed wiggle her way out of the window, holding onto the ledge until her feet hit the porch roof and she let go; moving to sit on her butt and shuffled down to the edge of the roof. Her old climbing frame was still up and wasn't too far away so after a few deep breathes, thinking back to gymnastics and the fear she always had which ended up meaning nothing, she leapt towards

the monkey bar, catching it in her hands before yelping as the plastic gave way and she hit the grass with a thud, useless bar still in hand as she lay there dazed. Slowly, Evelyn sat up; rubbing her back “Ow, ow, ow, ow” now that had sucked but at least she was on the ground now and so far, no nanny in sight.

Slowly rising to her feet, Evelyn made a dash towards the gate leading to the front of the house and into the suburbs. Only to pause at the sound of a loud crash behind her, her climbing frame had partially collapsed in a pile of cheap plastic and wood leaving Evelyn cringing.

Her dads would forgive her. Hopefully.

And with that, she ran.

2. Ladies and gentleman, welcome to Derry

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm going to clear up all the families and ages so no one gets confused.

(Denbrough family)

Georgia Denbrough (14)

Robert Denbrough (12)

James Denbrough (5)

(Hanscom-Uris family)

Evelyn Rose Hanscom-Uris (13)

(Bowers family)

Ronnie Bowers (15)

Dede Bowers (4)

(Tozier family)

April Tozier (14)

Carter Tozier (11)

Nicole Tozier (9)

Dahlia Tozier (5)

Jesse Tozier (2)

Scarlette Tozier (2)

Timothy Tozier (8 months) - After only planning two children

Thank you for all the hits and comments so far!

My tumblr: <https://www.tumblr.com/blog/superwhovian-221b>

“What do you mean you don’t go to Derry?!” The man who was shifting luggage out of the boot of his van sighed; turning to Georgia.

“Listen kid, I ain’t about to go waste money and all that gas taking you to some tiny town in the middle of nowhere, it’s a waste!”

“But...but I offered to pay!” She insisted, clutching her backpack

straps and pleading with the man “Please, I need to get home to my parent’s it’s important!”

“But it’s just you who wants to go to this ‘Derry’ in the first place, if there were more of you then maybe but-”

“Well good job I arrived right on cue” Georgia turned and noticed a lanky girl, glasses perched on the bridge of her nose; glinting in the sunlight and a cocky grin on her face “And I have a companion too, she’s just getting provisions for our here trip don’t’cha know” She added in an accent which had Georgia snorting into her hand “What? Something on my face?”

“So there are three of you? It’s still not enough for me to travel so far” The driver dismissed them again and Georgia believed he just hated her now and was refusing just to spite her as he slammed the boot closed.

But the girl wasn’t about to let the matter go, instead she huffed sadly and crossed her arms; dropping her cheek into her hand looking glum which was a stark contrast compared to her cheerful attitude earlier “It’s a shame, really, I mean I was going to pay you for your return as well, but I guess Rich Records Tozier will just have to hear all about this”

Now, Georgia herself had no idea who this Rich whatever was, but the driver sure did because he froze and turned to the girl “The radio DJ? How’d you know him?”

“He’s my dad, I’ll show you if you want proof” she shrugged and gestured for her bag.

“Excuse me but where is this bus going again?”

Georgia jumped and the girl who had whispered to her screamed and hopped back in surprise; hands raised in case Georgia lunged out which she had to admit she was about to until she took in the girl before her “What the fuck man?!”

“Sorry!” She squeaked “I thought you noticed me!”

“No?! How would I you were behind me!” Despite being so on edge,

Georgia allowed herself to relax and instead muttered a small apology “Well, I’m trying to convince him to drive me to Derry while she-” Georgia gestured to the girl who was still bartering with the driver “-is doing a much better job than I am at it”

The new girl’s face lit up and nodded “I’m going there too, well, I need to anyway”

“Fine! But you swear I’m gonna be paid double?”

Tozier saluted and crossed over her heart “Scouts honour my dear boy”

“Um...I don’t think-”

“Hey! You don’t by chance go to Derry do you? Please say yes?” the group turned and the driver groaned loudly, a boy jogged up to their small group; his dark hair sticking to his forehead as though he’d run a marathon “I think I’ve tried every other company round here”

“Now this, this is just great”

“Road trip! Road trip! Road trip!” The glasses wearing teen chanted as she ran down to the back seats of the bus; hands tapping the ceiling as the dark haired girl trailed after her, choosing the row of seats behind her while the brunette, who turned out to be Tozier’s sister, sat beside her. Georgia herself chose to sit the opposite side of the sisters and the boy chose to sit in front of her, an arm tossed across the seat beside him. “So, who are you fine people?” Tozier piped up; cuddling her sister close and ruffling her curls while hands batted her away “I feel like our experience with asshole drivers has really brought us together”

“I ain’t deaf kid” Came from the front and Tozier winced.

“Just checking on those listening skills! Next will be sight so keep an eye out” They all groaned.

“Ronnie Bower’s” The boy started; turning in his seat and kicking his feet up on the seats beside him.

"I'm Georgia Denbrough, I live in Derry"

"Then what are you doing in suburban New York?" The younger sister asked.

"That's nothing, we're from good ol' Beverly Hills!" glasses said.

Georgia smiled at the two girls before continuing "My dad took me to stay with my nana, I think it's because something's going on with Derry and they don't want to tell me"

A brief silence settled over them, all of them spending a minute thinking and Georgia had believed she'd overshared but before she could think too hard on it, the dark haired girl leaned closer and spoke up "My names Evelyn Rose Hanscom-Uris, I live not far from here, but...both my dad's used to live in Derry and went back after their friend called them"

"My dads were talking about something happening in Derry and I wanted to come see what it was" Ronnie confirmed and the Tozier sisters nodded in understanding.

"Our parents left to go to see some friends too, names April Tozier put em there, put em there" She grabbed her sisters hand and shook it violently eliciting a giggle, before leaning over to shake Evelyn's just as shakily.

"I'm Carter Tozier!" The sister introduced, trying to sit up only to get pulled back by her sister again "I'm 11"

"So what now? We're all apparently going for the same reason, and?" Ronnie cocked his head to look at Georgia who could do nothing but shrug, it was a little strange and a little bit more than a coincidence, but that didn't mean anything, right?

"Dude are you kidding me?!" they all focused back to April "We're like the fucking Avengers! No! The Scooby Doo gang! Solving mysteries and shit!" April was all but vibrating in excitement and Carter groaned at her to stop; fighting off the grin on her face

"I'm Velma!" Evelyn cheered and at this Carter shot up.

“Nu-uh! I dibs’d her already!”

“No you didn’t!”

“Well, I’m Fred!” April added in the argument “Because, naturally I’m the leader and it was my idea so”

Ronnie snorted “Sure, but only because not all of us are nerds”

“Right! Just for that smart ass, you’re not even human, you’re Scooby”

“Bite me bitch, how old are you?”

“Nearly, 15!”

“That wasn’t a question!”

Georgia couldn’t help it, she burst into laughter at the banter between the two young teens, these strangers who were somehow linked together, who somehow found their way to the hire company she had, made Georgia feel more welcomed than she had with anyone of the groups she’d flitted through in middle school and she couldn’t help but feel at ease, like this had been destiny for her to meet these kids.

At first, everyone just turned to stare at Georgia as she laughed as though she couldn’t stop. Then, Evelyn began to giggle in short bursts; trying to hold them back but ultimately failing, Ronnie bit his lips and looked away, but his shaking shoulders gave him away. Carter raised an eyebrow but choked out a laugh none the less while April grinned at the group “So...is that a yes to me being Fred?”

“Right, I spy with my little eye, something beginning with B”

“Is it bitch?”

“Ooooh, close, but your mom sadly couldn’t join us today”

“What about bastard?”

“I wouldn’t call you that, but its close”

The ride to Maine had taken them over 7 hours and they were trying to keep awake as best they could, which had resorted in April starting up a game of I spy until only Ronnie was left playing along. Carter and Evelyn had moved to sit side by side, under one of their coats and Carter was wrapped up in a sweater a few sizes too large; they were both fast asleep. Georgia was dozing but could still hear the two talking.

“Bee?”

“Well, now you’re just being ru-”

“Welcome to Derry ladies and gent” the driver’s voice echoed to the back off the bus and Georgia opened her eyes blearily; blinking a few times as she took in the now darkened interior of the bus.

“Actually, it’s just us ladies, sir”

“No, there is a gentleman, it’s you April” Georgia retorted before Ronnie could; April stood up and bowed, as if tipping an imaginary hat at the compliment.

“Why thank you my dear girl”

“So...any of you been to Derry before?” Georgia was met with two blank stares and assumed the answer was the same for Evelyn and Carter “Right, well we’ll start at the library, my dad works there”

The bus eventually came to a halt, sending April stumbling from still being stood up, but she composed herself; leaning back to shake at Carter’s shoulder “Hey, sleepy head, we’re here”

“Mh-Noooooooo” Carter batted her away and snuggled further down into the blanket but April shook her again.

“Ooh! Is that a do-!”

“Where?!” Carter was up in a second, wiping the sleep from behind her glasses and Evelyn shot back into consciousness with a gasp at

the cooled air hitting her now Carter had thrown off the jacket. Once she realised she'd been tricked, she groaned and turned to April who grinned; moving out of her attack range and heading toward the front of the bus "Aprillllll! Whyyyyyy?!" nevertheless, the two stood up and stumbled their way to the front of the bus, April staying behind to pay and jerking a bit when Carter elbowed her not so gently in the rib.

"So..." Ronnie began as they stepped out into the cool streets, which were mostly desolate by now, probably because it was close to curfew "This is...nice?" Georgia giggled and threw an arm around his shoulder.

"Ladies and Ronnie, welcome to Derry!"

3. Of Yellow Slickers and Gravestones

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you all for the support, i really appreciate it!!

all comments really make my day so feel free to drop one!

“What kind of trouble could a little town like this get involved in?” Ronnie questioned, incredulous and Georgia had to admit, their town as far as she knew was a nice place, not necessarily peaceful because of some of the people in it, but there’d never been any big issues as far as she knew.

The five had taken to walking towards the library, Evelyn complaining of the cold and tugging on her skirt while Carter trailed tiredly after April, the long jumper reaching her knees and the sleeves were pushed up to allow April to clasp their hands together.

“Well” April piped up and Georgia realised she wasn’t one to stay quiet “My dad says mom’s tiny and he gets in more than enough trouble...but then again it’s usually my fault”

Georgia rolled her eyes “Why am I not surprised?”

April gasped in mock horror and clutched at her heart “I’m wounded, distraught, oh how will I ever go on knowing that my only friends hate me, oh it’s a travesty! Oh it’s-”

“Beep beep April” Carter said causing April to spin and stick out her tongue.

“Beep beep?” Evelyn made a noise of confusion and Carter faced her.

“It’s what we say to my dad if he goes off or he starts to get annoying when he does his accents”

“So you’re like what? A clone of your dad?”

April opened her mouth to retort , only to freeze, mouth agape

partially as she thought the idea over before stopping in her tracks and turning to grab her sister “AM I A CLONE?! TELL ME! PINCH ME TO MAKE ME KNOW THAT I’M ALIVE AND REAL AND MY OWN PER-OW! What was that for?”

“You told me to pinch you!” Carter shrugged and ripples of laughter surged through the group as April began to berate her sister.

Georgia couldn’t find herself joining in though. Something was off, something in the air was different, and it was stifling and made Georgia’s stomach twist itself into knots over and over again.

“Georgia~” Georgia blinked once, not quite sure she heard the call, but the same sweet voice called again “Georgia” She turned to her left, out on the graveyard across the street. It was empty by now, no one wanting to spend a dark evening in a creepy cemetery. But that wasn’t right because there was someone there. A little boy in a yellow trenchcoat was peeking through the bars of the gate, watching Georgia with a smile and when she turned to meet his dark blue eyes, he grinned wider and waved at her with his right hand, the other arm behind him “Come look what I found!”

Almost drawn to the boy, Georgia crossed the street towards him. However froze.

Now she was close, Georgia could see the boy’s yellow slicker was not only soaked, but tarnished red on his left side, staining into the damp fabric and dripping to the floor. “What happened to you-?” Georgia’s words froze in her throat; blocking her from breathing not that she would have if she could. The boy’s face fell into something akin to being pained and full of sorrow as he revealed his left arm from behind his back, or what was left of it anyway. It was severed at the elbow, the whitewashed bone jutting out from a mesh of flesh and grit and he cast sorrowful eyes up at Georgia.

“It don’t hurt no more, honest, don’t run away, I found something” To her horror, he lifted his stump and moved it; Georgia couldn’t tear her eyes away as he pointed in the direction of a tombstone. There was a large hole in front of the tombstone which seemed to go on forever as far as Georgia could see, it was freshly dug that very day since she hadn’t seen it on their way past that morning, her eyes

moved up to the tombstone and wondered morbidly if it was anyone she knew.

April Tozier. A daughter who tried too hard to fit in her father's shadow, a sister who couldn't protect her family. Aged 14. She floats too.

And then, god forbid, April's head popped out of the hole; covered in loose dirt as she cocked her head to Georgia, grinning. "Come join me Georgia~ there's room for two in here!" The moment she finished, blood pooled at the corners of April's mouth and then, like a damn breaking, it spilled over her lips, blood drenching down her neck and drenching her already matted hair.

And that's when Georgia screamed.

It was a guttural, throaty scream as she stumbled backwards; hands coming up to shake in front of her face and she almost tripped as she scattered down the gutter and into the middle of the road which she would have realised was illuminated had she not been watching the little boy and April laugh loudly.

"GEORGIA!!" hands grabbed the back of her sweater and hauled her onto the pathway at the other side of the road just as a car zoomed past, horn blaring as the driver stuck his head out of the window and cursed Georgia down before carrying on. In the mad fumble, Georgia fell to sit on the floor, shaking as the faces of Evelyn and Ronnie looked down at her "Hey, hey, what happened?" Ronnie quizzed, Evelyn moving to grab Georgia's hands between her own.

"It...In, the – the graveyard I saw"

"Saw what? Was it a g-g-g-ghost?" April teased in an imitation of Shaggy's voice; only to be shushed by her sister.

"No, it...it was you...April"

There was silence for a brief moment as her friends stared at her like she'd grown a second head, April coming to stand in front of Georgia's crumpled form with a shocked look "...what?"

"It...a boy called my name and I crossed to go see what he wanted

but...his arm was gone, tore off at the elbow and, and ...there was a grave, a freshly dug grave and the tombstone had your...your name on”

Georgia chose to ignore mentioning what was written on the tombstone, and good job too because April’s tanned face was pale as she

flickered her gaze to glimpse at the now empty graveyard; eyes scanning the tombstones visible before laughing “What? Only known me a couple hours and you’re trying to off me? I’ll have you know you’re not in my will yet so you’ve got nothing to gain you barbarian”

Georgia smiled uneasily and allowed herself to be pulled to her feet. They all started walking again, April leading them and Georgia stayed back with Evelyn, the younger girl smiling at her softly, a look of concern on her delicate features “Are you sure you’re okay?”

“Let’s just go to the library” Georgia smiled and that was that.

She tried not to look back despite the pull in the back of her mind telling her to.

If she had, she might have noticed the red balloon floating on the gate; tied to a pole as the wind rocked it.

4. An Old Friend

Notes for the Chapter:

Finally someone's reunited with their parents and not in a way they would expect

thank you so much for the feedback guys, comments really get me writing!

Spoilers for the 1990's movie if you haven't seen it, I suggest you do

By the time they got to the library, Georgia cursed aloud, turning to the group with a huff, her face gaining some of its colour back now she wasn't thinking about what she'd imagined "My dad's not here... he must be out already" She gestured to the desk which had a short, stout woman stacking papers behind it and, yup, that definitely wasn't Georgia's dad.

"Really? I could have sworn that middle aged white lady with a receding hairline was your father!" April gasped in mock shock "You just share so many features!"

"Beep beep dickhead" Evelyn teased.

"That's not...you can't just pull that on me!" April whined and flopped into one of the chairs in the library, groaning and letting her head loll back. The library was decently occupied, a few stray book readers littering seats around the room and it was sort of peaceful, something you never got around her area of the city; there was always some junkie or some teens being disruptive.

"He might be at my house, we'll have to check there"

"Nu-uh, I'm drawing a line right here in the library sand" April shook her head "I need a break, at least five minutes!"

"In five minutes her parents could leave and we'll have no idea what's going on" Ronnie tried to convince April but she shook her head defiantly "Stop being such a baby"

“I’m only a baby when I suck on your moms tits” April retorted and Evelyn gagged out a small ‘ew’ “Look, I’ll meet you at the house, I’m just gonna sit back” she slumped down into the chair further “And take in the ambience”

“April” Carter huffed in defeat but April was defiant “Don’t be an ass”

“Well, asses are best used for sitting, especially in chairs and- oh, would you look at that!”

The group rolled their eyes almost in unison before Ronnie piped up “Fine, but I hope a book falls on your head in a freak accident and paralyses you”

“You mean like I paralysed your mom from the waist down?”

Ronnie didn’t respond, he just walked out of the library doors; dragging Evelyn behind him who trailed almost like a loyal puppy, Georgia smiled to April “My house is the one with the blue mailbox out front, can’t miss it”

“I’m sure I will” And with that, Georgia left leaving Carter behind, who stared at April somewhat sadly; boot clad foot nudging the tiles softly.

“I don’t wanna leave you” Carter confessed, but she kept glancing longingly back at the door and April knew it wouldn’t be fair to keep Carter from trying to find their parents so she waved her off with a hand.

“Oh quit worrying and hurry your short legs up before they leave you, hey, maybe if I read enough I might have a vision as where mom and dad are” April put a hand to her temple, humming and ha’ing, until she spoke again “I see them, they’re telling you...to fuck off”

Carter opened her mouth, as if to retort for being called short, but seemed to decide against it; huffed and ran after their rag tag group of misfits, leaving April alone. She leaned back to the bookshelf she was resting on and scanned the thick spined books before a papery thin page caught her eye “Jackpot” April cheered silently as she

yanked the comic book from between two chunky textbooks revealing the crumpled cover of a Flash comic book “Hm, not the best but good enough”

Settling back in her chair, April tucked her knees beneath her chin, heels digging into the cheap wool of the chair she sat on; ignoring the dirty looks of some of the library visitors in favour of prying apart some of the first pages to make them eligible to read.

April couldn't have been there for a minute or two before someone came thundering through the library doors; nearly knocking someone over but April didn't look up, she was used to noises and how to block them out, but what she couldn't block out was the way her heart dropped when the man began to speak “Mike Hanlon”

“He stepped out a short while ago”

Slowly, April pulled down the comic to gaze over the top and, low and behold, stood looking somewhat dishevelled was one Richard ‘Records’ Tozier, face flushed as the woman behind the counter tried to calm him somewhat “I'm pretty sure he's coming back”

“You've got to be fucking with me”

Richie pulled away “Good, I'll-” He gestured over to the seating area where April sat and she rushed to push the comic back up again “I'm gonna sit...” suddenly, Richie was flopping into the seat beside April, sinking into it as he murmured to himself “C'mon Tozier, get a grip” April was pretty sure her heart was in her throat at this point, she was sat right beside her father and he had no idea at all; he didn't even know she and Carter had followed them to Derry and yet, despite all odds, he was sat next to her like some fucking comedy show. April waited a moment for the generic audience's laughter but it never came. Richie suddenly yelled out as a cup was thrust into his face; limbs flailing in shock and April screeched before she could prevent the sound from coming out; muffling her scream in the crook of her elbow, but luckily her dad seemed too preoccupied with the librarian who thrust a cup of water into Richie's face like he wasn't ready to have a heart attack and fall into an early grave.

“You look like you could use this” She insisted; handing the cup to

Richie “It’s just water”

“I need something stronger than that” April wheezed to herself, hands clutching her chest and facing away from Richie. Her dad was never one to lose his cool, he was all jokes and impressions and letting April and her sisters get away with practically murder, April had never seen her dad so afraid and in turn it was putting her on edge.

April was trying to think of a way to break for the exit so her dad wouldn’t see her – just because she’d been lucky so far didn’t mean it’d last – and to go let Carter know that dad was in Derry, when a voice echoed almost as if it were in her mind, “A little young for ya, isn’t she Richie?” April blinked and slowly turned to the voice as it continued “Especially now you’re a married man, ain’t ya meant to be settin’ an example for ya kids? Beep, beep, Richie!” The voice spat out the words with venom and April gazed around the room almost in shock at who the fuck was speaking.

“I didn’t hear that!” Richie exclaimed, and it was probably meant for himself, but he spoke out loud “I didn’t!”

The old man to April’s left leaned across her and looked confused at Richie “I beg your pardon?”

“Come on up Richie, I got a balloon for you, gahahaha” Richie’s gaze shifted upward and April followed, not caring about being discrete anymore. There was a man reclined in a seat, newspaper raised to where April couldn’t see his face but he was dressed in obnoxious yellow slacks; slowly the newspaper lowered “Don’t’cha want a balloon? Hahaha” and a cackling pale face was revealed, a bright red nose at the centre and messy tufts of red hair with a receding hairline so bad April felt like it was a badly taped on wig, and then it clicked. A clown. A fucking clown and it cackled louder down at Richie and, oh fuck, April too. “Whazza matter? One balloon, not enough?!” And suddenly he was slamming down his hands on the railings in front of him, newspaper discarded as he snarled “Try a BUNCH!”

And then there were balloons, hundreds of them on the ceiling and slowly descending down onto the various people in the library, none of them seemingly affected by the colourful balls cast down upon

them, floating down and April followed them.

One landed in front of the elderly man next to her and he turned to April, as if confused as to what she was gazing at and giving a weak smile, completely ignoring the bright balloon that flew directly into his lap.

April stared dumbfounded, until suddenly the balloon shattered with a squealing pop and blood, fucking blood, splattered out and covered the old man with dark red liquid. That was it, April screeched loudly, scrambling back away from the man and over the arms of her chair until she fell back into Richie's lap, the man jumping as he gazed down to her. It took a moment and April heard the unmistakable sound of other balloons popping around the library, all being ignorant and not so much as flinching, before Richie's horrified face took on a look of concern and confusion "April?!"

"Dad!" she cried "What the fuck is going on?!"

A yellow balloon floated down just in front of Richie's face and above April and she barely had to time to curl into herself before the balloon popped, something wet splattering her arms and as she looked up, she noticed with a sinking feeling her dad hadn't been so lucky and was covered across the face with blood.

The two scrambled out of their seats, the clown glaring with a triumphant smirk "Last chance Tozier, get out before it gets dark tonight or your little brats get to be my next meal, you're too old to stop me! You're all too old!"

April ran for the door but Richie, goddammit dad, ran to the woman at the desk "Tell Mike Hanlon, if you see him-"

"EXCUSE ME SIR!" the clown, god forbid, slung a leg over the railing "Do you have Prince Albert in a can? You do? Well you better let the poor guy out!" Yet over the clown Richie still tried to talk to the lady who seemed to still have no idea what was going on and, jesus they couldn't see him.

The more the clown went on, the more annoyed April got and the fear disappointed fairly quickly "OI!" She yelled, getting the clowns

attention rather quickly as well as a few others “Shut the fuck up airhorn McGee, my dad’s trying to speak, go bug some children your own age!”

The clown’s face morphed into a dark scowl as it settled on April, the young teen trying not to wither beneath the stare that held so much anger, so much hunger, “GET OUT!” He shrieked “LAST chance Tozier’s! Get OUT!” And April didn’t need to be told a third time, she grabbed her dad by the hand and tugged him along with her, slamming through the oak doors and into the crisp air of Derry. April took great relief in seeing her mom sat in the passenger seat of the car as her dad stumbled down the steps; trying to match her speed as he didn’t even bother opening the door, just jumped in feet first and Eddie turned to look at him as if to complain that they weren’t teens again but then he must have noticed the blood and then.

“April?”

“Hey mom um, met up with an old friend of yours?”

Richie flooded the gas and they were off.

5. Home sweet home

When they reached the house Evelyn saw there was a car out front and cheered “Your parents are home!” She turned to Georgia who was looking complexed at the house, contemplating something “What’s wrong now?” She whined and Georgia rubbed her neck.

“Well, I need to get in the house and leave a phone on so we can hear what my parents might say...anyone have a phone on them?”

In record time Carter had a phone out in her hand within seconds before Evelyn could even so much as open her bag and they all stared in a slight bewilderment “What? You asked for a phone”

“Okay calm down Houdini” Ronnie rolled his eyes before they snuck closer to the small house “Do you know your dad’s number?”

Evelyn watched Georgia reach over and recite the number to Carter who dialled it into the phone screen before leaning back “I’m going into the house, but I need you guys to get my parents to the door”

“Just when we could have used April” Ronnie cussed but Carter grinned.

“Leave it to me, I’ve got an idea” And with that, she grabbed Evelyn by the arm and dragged her to the door, leaving Georgia and Ronnie behind. The house was cute, smaller than

Evelyn’s and less decorated but Evelyn felt that was partially due to the fact her dad was an architect. It still didn’t stop the anxiety whirling in her head and making her stomach lurch. “So, what’s the plan?”

Carter came to a stop at the door and watched Georgia and Ronnie disappear behind the house; presumably to go through the back door before she turned to Evelyn and smiled “Are you religious?”

“Um yeah, Jewish kinda?”

“Good we’ll wing it with that”

“Wait what?!” The door chimed teasingly in a tune, Mary had a little lamb Evelyn recognised after a second before a dark figure loomed in the doorway and then the door was opening revealing a tall lanky man, sea blue eyes looking down at them with a questioning smile. For a moment, Evelyn swore there was a flash of something akin to nostalgia in those eyes before he spoke.

“Can I help you?”

“Actually sir I’d like to tell you how I can help you!” Carter recited in an over the top voice, grinning widely as she held her hands together in front of her, looking every bit like a saleswoman that would be able to sell air if she tried hard enough. “Have you ever considered becoming Jewish?”

Luckily for Georgia, the back gate was unlocked and so was the door as the two snuck into the house, being mindful of her surroundings as they entered the kitchen. It seemed empty, without her dad cooking dinner, without Robert and her daddy sat at the table discussing the new book, without James running around with his toy trucks the house seemed very much dead.

“Wow, nice place” Ronnie whistled beneath his breath only to freeze as footsteps came down the stairs “Well Carter and Evelyn fucked the plan already”

Georgia didn’t even pause, she darted beneath the table, the cloth draping over where she was, concealing her from view and Ronnie was quick to follow, hitting his head off of the wood with a thud and a curse which he tried to bite back and failed. It was just in time too because sure enough, someone entered the kitchen, standing for a few moments and the two teens held their breath. “Bill?”

“Out here!” Georgia heard her daddy’s voice echo from the front of the house and then the footsteps began again, but this time growing softer as her dad left the kitchen to where her daddy was apparently being distracted at the door and Georgia released a breath she didn’t realise she was holding in.

Georgia turned towards Ronnie; shooting a glare at him while he sat rubbing his head dumbly “Good going slick, almost got us caught” she snapped before crawling from out of their temporary cover; moving towards the doorway.

Ronnie squawked indignantly but followed after Georgia, the two creeping into the hallway, up the stairs and they catch a glimpse of what Carter is saying, echoing faintly from down the hallway “If you join now you get not one, but two hats, now, I know what you’re thinking! What a steal, right? Well-!”

Georgia hated to admit but they were doing a good job and her parents seemed to be watching more out of amusement than any obligation or interest. It seemed Carter had inherited some of the same charm as April did because she continued on rambling. The stairs creaked somewhat but Georgia knew just where to step to ensure that the steps wouldn’t let loose their position and Ronnie seemed to catch on because he didn’t make all that much noise either as they moved from the stairs and down the hall.

Georgia’s room was right opposite her parents, a bright yellow door with her name painted on in cursive orange, chipping off where the second g in her name curled into the I, but it was nothing like her brothers which had ‘do not enter’ tape stuck across it hastily. “Hmm, wonder which ones yours” Ronnie whispered and Georgia rolled her eyes; shushing him before pushing the door to her parents room open and rushing inside. Sure enough there, on the bedside table was her dad’s phone and Ronnie was quick to pick it up “So? Call it then!”

“Take my dear friend for example, born into the religion and, boy oh boy can she tell you some stories! And –!”

Evelyn thought Carter was laying it on a little thick but turned her head to hide the grin on her face, not wanting to blow the fact they were distracting Georgia’s parents. They seemed nice, just smiled at Carter who only stopped to take a breath before starting up again and Evelyn half wondered just where she came up with this stuff and how many times she’d talked herself or April out of trouble.

Speaking of.

April hadn't showed up yet and Evelyn moved to glance down the street only to do a double take.

A tall man was walking away from Derry, moving down the long stretch of road but Evelyn recognised him, it was a face she'd looked up to every day since she was born, a face she recognised and warmed her heart fondly, but it wasn't...right.

No, because not only was her daddy not there but her pops was stumbling, almost as though he were wandering, not quite sure where to go and his jacket wasn't on his back or ever slung over his arm, exposing his stained red shirt and suspenders.

"Papa?" Evelyn called, moving down the steps of the house towards the direction of where her papa was heading, but he didn't turn, it was as though he didn't hear Evelyn and she sped up to attempt to catch him. "Papa! Wait!"

"Evelyn, where are you-?"

Carter was calling her back to the house but Evelyn didn't really hear her, it was as though her voice was a distant call through a wall as she began to run after her papa.

The paths, houses and scenery fell away, everything but the straight road her papa aimlessly ambled down, away from Evelyn's friends and two confused men.